THE CARMELITE

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THIS ISSUE OF THE CARMELITE IS DEDICATED TO THE PROJECT OF MAKING THE CARMEL REGION A NATIONAL WILD-BIRD SANCTUARY

THREE years ago Mr. Ralph Skene, as a member of the Humane Society, undertook to get up a petition to the state authorities with a view to making the Point a bird preserve. The matter was not pressed at that time, but many people talked of the wanton destruction of birds, and especially migratory birds on the Point. In some cases parents whose children had rifles objected to any interference with the juvenile "sport." An ordinance forbids the shooting of birds in the town of Carmel proper, but as to enforcement—that is another story.

There can be little doubt that the great majority of people in Carmel and on the Point desire that this region, including Lobos, shall become a sanctuary for all birds. At Santa Barbara there is such a sanctuary. Last month the question was brought up in the City Council by Mrs. Rockwell, who recalled Mr. Skene's original plan and suggested that an effort be made to go through with it. As the result of this revived interest, steps are now being taken to ascertain the procedure necessary to bring about this desired end.

As the Point and Lobos are unincorporated territory (under county administration) doubtless application will have to be made on their behalf to the State and National Game Commissions and other bodies having jurisdiction. For the real safety of birds in Carmel, the same state or national protection should be invoked for the whole region.

Mr. Laidlaw Williams, son of the late Jesse Lynch Williams, a former resident of Carmel and an enthusiastic ornithologist, has given The Carmelite information on the proper steps to be taken. An article by Mr. Williams dealing with the subject as it applies to water birds will be published later in The Carmelite and it is to this article he refers in the letter from which the following excerpt is taken:

BLACK FLY-CATCHERS CUT IN LINOLEUM BY LANE WOOD

> "I think it is a splendid idea that Carmel and Lobos should be made 'national bird sanctuaries.' Do you mean by that the acquisition of the properties and their maintenance by the Bureau of Biological Survey or the National Association of Audobon Societies, or some such organization? Or does it simply mean the cooperation of the various owners in bird protection and the posting of the land to show that no shooting is allowed?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

LOOK FOR US

ON

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—and find genuine Chinese amber, radiating thousands of years of concentrated golden sunshine; Black Opals from Lightning Ridge, New South Wales, Australia; and Jade carved into intricate patterns by deft fingers for ornamental purposes and jewelry of unusual design. Chinese Robes reflect the varied and colorful art of the Orient. In addition, the Chest offers a diversified exhibit of popular-priced costume jewelry and novelty articles of artistic merit, suitable for bridge prize and gifts.

MERLE'S

TREASURE

CHEST

Wilson Bldg., Ocean Avenue at Dolores

Unique is the privilege of those who may meet the artists and craftsmen who create the gifts they give for Christmas. Such a privilege one has at SQUIGGS ATTIC, Clearing House of Carmel Arts. Here the individual may find an assortment of unusual creations; and for those who may have particular demands in mind, arrangements may be made to fill the order promptly to suit the personal taste.

ANALYSIS OF YOUR SECURITIES

MISS ZIMMERMAN, FINANCIAL EXPERT OF PEARSONS-TAFT CO., WILL GIVE HER ONLY TALK IN CARMEL ON THIS SUBJECT

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH

PINE INN

AT 2:30

ALL WOMEN ARE INVITED. ADMISSION FREE. BRING YOUR QUESTIONS. BLACKBOARD COMPARISON OF PUBLIC UTILITIES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE]

> "The two organizations mentioned have wardens watching bird sanctuaries all over the country. They might very likely be interested in Lobos, especially because of the pelican-western gull-cormorant colony on the little colony close to its base on the south side. . . .
>
> "Please tell me what the plan is and I shall work the appropriate material into the article in special reference to the water birds."

Several persons have expressed to The Carmelite their desire to attend a meeting at which this whole matter of the bird sanctuary can be discussed and the proper steps taken to give effect to the plan. Let us have such a meeting. The Carmelite will undertake the necessary arrangements if sufficient interest is indicated by the initial response. The coupon below (or a post-card) will serve to set the wheels in motion.

It is of timely interest that the American Ornithologists' Union has been meeting in Salem, Massachusetts, to deal with bird preservation on a nation-wide scope. At the meeting on October twenty-first, Paul G. Redington, chief of the United States Biological Survey, said:

> "We are making an honest effort to learn what the birds need and we will so shape our course that these needs shall be met. Present-day civilization is making serious demands on wild life and to counteract these destructive factors we need all possible support from agencies interested in helping the birds live."

Referring to the work of establishing bird reservations, Mr. Redington said that since 1903, eighty-six reservations for birds had been marked off but that this work was in the early stages of a great expansion.

— — — — — — — — —

To The Carmelite,
Box 1412, Carmel.

I am in sympathy with the movement to create a bird sanctuary in the Carmel region and would be willing to attend a meeting for general discussion of the project.

Name _____

P. O. Box _____

Telephone _____

NEWS IN BRIEF

AE, the Irish poet and artist, will visit Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea at Carmel Highlands next week. He is lecturing Saturday and Sunday, November fifteenth and sixteenth, before the Western Women's Club, San Franicsco.

AE, whose real name is George Russell, is regarded by many people as the most representative citizen of modern Ireland. A genuine mystic, author of "The Candle of Vision" and many poems, he is also one of the most useful and practical advisers of the Irish Free State, and an international authority on agriculture.

* * *

Donations to the Red Vross during the Annual Roll Call have been facilitated in Carmel by conveniently located subscription tables in charge of members of the local chapter.
The national drive continues until the end of the month.

* * *

Mrs. Frederick Bechdolt was painfully although not seriously injured in an automobile accident in Monterey Tuesday evening. After receiving emergency treatment at a Monterey hospital, she was able to return home.

* * *

Pre-school children from two to four and a half years will meet at the first grade room next Tuesday from three to five. It is hoped that everybody with children of that age will bring them. A kindergarten teacher will be present to help with music and games. Information can be had by telephoning Mrs. F. S. Murphy, Carmel 872-W.

* * *

The Mack fire-truck recently purchased by the city is expected to arrive next Saturday. A gala reception is being planned by the volunteer firemen, to include a parade and demonstration of the new equipment. Work is proceeding on the salvage truck also to be added to the department and delivery is expected within a few weeks.

* * *

Miss Hazel L. Zimmerman, who recently gave a series of lectures on financial subject at Carmel Playhouse, returns to Carmel next Thursday, November twentieth for a lecture at Pine Inn, beginning at two-thirty. Her subject will be "Analysis of Your Securities." Women are especially invited. There will be no admission charge.

Since her first lectures in Carmel, Miss Zimerman has given a series of talks at the Western Women's Club in San Francisco, with attendance taxing the auditorium to capacity.

Wings and Their Wearers

By EDNA OWINGS

It probably does not occur to the majority of Carmelites that if the census included the avian, as well as the human, population, the resulting denotative figures would make the human element in the landscape appear startlingly small. The number of birds in the world has been estimated, in a general way, as something like thirty-five times the number of mere men. Like mere men they live sometimes in highly congested areas, sometimes spread out over a wide territory. Like men, they are bent on finding a livelihood and as propitious a climate as may be. Like men, too, they possess some rudimentary aesthetic promptings. And this, of course, brings us (and them) around to Carmel, where anyone who will be quiet for a minute or two, and listen and look, but chiefly listen, will become aware of great goings-on in almost any bush, tree, or grass plat within his range of vision.

Like their bulkier brothers, the feathery tribes consist of "permanents" and transients." There are those who spend regularly one-half of the year in Carmel, either winter or summer, and there are those who drop in for only a day or two or three *en route* to such extremes of climate as our pampered organisms shrink from thought of. Each season has ,in addition to the faithful who are always with us, its pure-tourist element who come and amuse us with their unfamiliar garb and their foreign speech, and, after looking us over and taking what they like best from our proffered stores of *objets d'interet*, are gone as abruptly as they appeared. But always to return with the turning seasons, since Carmel in the blood, even the scant blood of a bird, is Carmel-never-to-be-eradicated-from-the-system.

The first bird I encountered in Carmel was, quite properly, a California product. His "Tit! Tit! Tit-tit-tit-tit!" reiterated in a mellow monotone outside my window, easily worsted the dry cackle of the typewriter that competed with it. But the singer, although he sang with a fine bravado, was a shy fellow, himself; a seedy-looking sort of fellow with a slatey, frowsy head, a dun colored wrap-around garment, and an extraordinarily long, uplifted tail which he tilted, wren-like, from side to side as he pursued his mighty business of getting on in the world; a business involving much commerce with leaves and branches, and much shrewd hiding from human observation. Now I think I could name you a good many Carmelites like that, who have hidden themselves in the woods, or in the chaparral, or close by the dunes, while, shabbily dressed, they went about their sly business, emerging only long enough to sing, when the spirit moved them, their carefully perfected songs of one kind or another. And the moral of this paragraph would seem to have become, automatically: *Live and let live.*

My second Carmel bird was the Thrasher. Like the Wren-tit this gentleman affects a brown wrap-around and a long tail. But he carries his tail indolently, and any further similarity of contour is seriously interfered with by his long, sickle-shaped bill, which has brought down upon him the name of "Sickle-bill Thrush." He is not, as it happens, a thrush, nor even a distant relative of the thrushes. He belongs to the *mimidas*, who include such notorious mimics as the Mockingbird and the Catbird. If you will pause and give ear to the Thrasher when you meet him questing for rations under your bushes, you easily remark the strong family resemblance. Whatever the Thrasher has on his mind he eventually brings out into the open. Or so it seems.

You might be surprised, too, if you observed the California Jay, that beautiful wretch in the nesting season, and saw him, a model husband, bringing tender morsels to his spouse and feeding them to her most solicitously. He may have stolen his dainties—but then! Don't we all get our bread-and-butter the best way we can? And you may be surprised, if you have thought there was only one Jay in Carmel, to discover some day, ascending or descending spiral-wise from limb to limb of a tall pine tree, with superlative grace, the Stellar Jay, his shoulders darkly mantled and a high black crest careening above his proud head. A strident individual, this, but in his way a raving beauty.

Almost every bird is beautiful, if you will take the time to look at it closely. Certainly every bird is "interesting." And here and there you will observe a specimen so comically put together that you can't help laughing at the sight. Watch, for instance, the Pipit when he passes through in the spring and fall, a sparrowish little tyke with grass-loving ways and the most ridiculous habit of twitching his tail up and down, so that he has come to be called familiarly "the Wagtail." Even the small, shrill cry with which he rises from the ground and flies away is ludicrous, and especially when he is in company with a crowd of Kildeers, who are two or three times his size and vastly noisier.

And there are the birds who possess the acme of beauty and. emboldened thereby, seem not to realize how unlovely how veritably disagreeable their voices are—as the bejwelled Hummingbirds. There are those, majestic in flight, who reveal dismaying ugliness of body when they come close to us—as the raw-necked Turkey Vulture that sails, black against the sky, round and round above Carmel Valley, in company with his friend the Red-tailed Hawk. Again, there are birds with songs ineffably touching—as the Meadowlark—who, because of a tail cut too short or, in other instances, a bill cut too long, appear, when they are not dazzling us pitiable.

There are, in fact, the same comedies and tragedies, the same struggles and defeats, the same greatnesses and meannesses in bird life that occur in human life. A row of Cedar Waxwings ranged along a telegraph wire will, they say, pass a bit of food, not from hand to hand, but from bill to bill, until the last man gets it. A male Bush-tit, they again say, assists his spouse in the menial business of keeping the long, crowded nest cleaned out daily during the period of rearing their young. The Cowbird (thank goodness!) doesn't know about Carmel, and we hope she never will. I say "she," because the female of the species has an odious little trick of depositing her eggs in a neighbor's nest and going off to play while the other woman does the work of incubating and educating. People like this are not worth mentioning except for purposes of contrast with our own estimable neighbors, of whom I happen to be acquainted with some four-score and forty. These include hummingbirds, creepers, swifts, martins; doves, quail, magpies, crows, hawks of various sizes; and water birds ranging from the small, peripatetic sandpiper to those majestic fliers, the great blue Heron and the Brown Pelican.

[*Author's Note.*—A book in the Carmel Library, "Birds of the Pacific Coast," by Ralph Hoffman, will be found useful for identifying local birds. William E. Dawson's three-volume "Birds of California," replete with spirited text and rare illustrations, no doubt may be had from the State Library at Sacramento. The final volume in this set contains the water-birds.]

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MADAME TAKANE NAMBU IN RECITAL SUNDAY AT THE DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY

"GIFTED CHILDREN"

Addressing a large number of Carmel's parents and teachers who had assembled in the Sunset School auditorium last night to enjoy the dinner-meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association, Mr. James R. McKillopp, superintendent of the Monterey Union High Shool, presented a discussion of vital interest, dealing with matters relative to "gifted children. As a great amount of the potential "wealth" of our nation lies within the capacities of the "upper ten per cent," the problem of the gifted child is well worth consideration and is deserving of the serious study carried on by numerous modern psychologists.

Mr. McKillop defined in general terms the child of general intelligence as one having the "Capacity to know and get what is desired," and further stated that "this intelligence is evidenced by the child's thinking." Thinking done by the child of superior intelligence may be qualified as: sustained, being continued until a conclusion is reached, forming a basis for action; conscious, knowing that thought is in process; purposeful, having an answer to find, and knowing what the answer relates; and thinking which is selective, taking that which is relevant and rejecting the irrelevant.

Recognizing the fact that some members of society are endowed by nature with more than average capacity, the problem confronting the parent or teacher is that of identifying the gifted individual and dealing with him accordingly. Mr. McKillop mentioned the fact that neither parents nor teachers are capable of objective measurement, pointing to the intelligence test as the only instrument for the classification of intellectual powers. The speaker discussed briefly sixteen popular misconceptions which have entered into the identification of gifted children, giving conclusions drawn from scientific data showing the absence of any degree of validity in the conceptions which hold that gifted children come from the country, that they are likely to come from any occupation; that they are unhealthy and physically weak; not interested in athletic play; that they are unsocial; especially liable to insanity; that gifted children become dull adults; that they stop developing early; that they are below normal morally; they are short-lived; they are one-sided; they come from large families; they are nervously unstable; they are made conceited by segregation; and that schooling raises intelligence. As Mr. McKillop showed, a great number of children of greater capacity come from parents of high intelligence, from more comfortable homes, and on the whole they are physically as well as mentally sound. Giving added weight to his discussion, Mr. McKillopp quoted Lewis Terman:

> "It should go without saying that a nation's resources of intellectual tallent are among the most precious it will ever have. The origin of genius, the natural laws of its development, and the environmental influences by which it may be affected for good or ill, are scientific problems of almost unequalled importance for human welfare."

And quoting Franklin K. Lane, Mr. McKillop stated:

> "Progress means the discovery of the capabl . They are our natural masters. hey lead because they have the right, nd everything done to keep them from rising is a blow to what we call our civilization." A.M.B.

MME. TAKANE NAMBU, JAPANESE SINGER

Nambu, the Japanese soprano, sings in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Sunday next, November sixteenth, at eight-thirty o'clock. Word comes from North and South of how this "nightingale of Japan" has been captivating and enthralling her audiences.

Mme. Nambu is a member of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, and has for the past several weeks been singing on the West Coast in concerts. Following her appearance in Carmel, she will go East to take her place in the Philadelphia fall season.

The program for Sunday night shows the wide scope and artistry of the singer. She will sing several songs from operas, including the well-known aria from "Madame Butterfly," for which she is famous. The high point of interest, however, will be in her offering of Japanese native music. Japanese folk-songs, dance songs, the "Cherry Blossom Song" for instance, in which she cannot refrain from dancing, love songs, and comedy songs, and many others Nambu sings in her quaint, delightful way. Edward C. Hopkins, Monterey musician, will be at the piano.

DENNY WATROUS GALLERY
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TAKANE NAMBU JAPANESE SOPRANO
SUNDAY, NOV. 16 AT 8:30 —\$1.00

EXHIBITION BY LUCY PIERCE, NOV. 6 TO 20
WATER COLORS AND DRAWINGS

THE GEISEKING CONCERT

By HARRIET BROWN SEYMOUR

On the Magic Carpet of the Gieseking program on Tuesday night at the Golden Bough, a significant. sensitive and intelligent audience travelled through time and space from Italy and Germany of the eighteenth century to the all-inclusive Music Internation of the twentieth century.

In listening to a program beginning with Bach, who in his time wrote music beyond the scope of the harpsichord, and ending with Debussy, whose "Cathedrale Engloutie" demands more of shadow and undertone than even an artist like Gieseking can produce on the piano, we have an experience which stimulates us to wonder what the next two centuries are bringing.

In the prelude of the Bach Partita, Gieseking kept the delicate clarity of the melodic lines in perfect tone relationship, drawing them into the closing cadence with a richness and quietness of tone, cathedral-like in beauty.

The musician in the audience said, "It is almost as if Gieseking were impersonating the composers as he plays"; and as we listened to the Scarlatti Sonatas we thought perhaps Gieseking had overheard Scarlatti saying, "Amateur or professor, whoever thou art, seek not in these sonatas for any deep feeling. They are only a frolic in Art, intended to increase thy confidence in the clavier." And Gieseking made them a frolic in Art and increased our confidence in his artistry at the piano.

Coming from the gaity of the Scarlatti to the dramatic intensiy of the Beethoven Maestoso and Allegro, Gieseking proved himself a master, using a master's music. In the last measures of the Allegro was a rare piece of clear thinking in terms of tone and proportion.

If the Beethoven had not convinced you of Gieseking's control of his instrument, surely the last of the Schumann Etudes did and from this strong, vigorous, clear-cut music, we moved into the shadowy, mystic tone-pictures of Debussy and Ravel, forgetting who played in our enjoyment of the beauty of remoteness he created for us.

Giesking was generous and played four encores, a Brahms Intermezzo (C major), the Golliwog's Cake-Walk, by Debussy; the eighth Liszt Rhapsody, and charming transcription, Gieseking's own, of a Strauss song. At the special request of Dene Denny, president of the Music Society, he also gave a composition, Albumblatt, by the Viennese modernist, Joseph Marx.

Understanding and insight, a catholic sympathy and a will to work made of Walter Gieseking an artist whose gift to the Carmel Music Society, its friends and guests, was an evening of unforgettable music.

WESTON IN NEW YORK

"Edward Weston, in photographs gets everything there is to be got out of the objects reproduced. His artist's eye sees strange facts that are hidden from less sensitive vision. And his artist's power of selection realizes light, color and form more handsome than many of the forms discovered by those working in a more direct medium. A simple pepper rounds itself out into curves that approach the torso of a human figure. But photography always remains an art of selection and taste, making greater demands on the object beautifully composed in light and shadow than on the creative mind of the artist."—Ruth Green Harris in the New York "Times."

CARMEL COMES OF AGE

(From the San Francisco "News")

The famed town of Carmel enters a new stage in its career with the opening of an exhibition of paintings here by Miss Moira Wallace, a young lady who was actually born there and has lived there all her life.

Until now Carmel has not been a place for gifted people to be born in. It has been a place where they fled from the the world to seek inspiration among the pines and dunes. The *debut* of Miss Wallace is a sign that Carmel has come of age. What will the future hold?

If merely living in Carmel could inspire a Mary Austin, a George Sterling, a Harry Leon Wilson and a Robinson Jeffers, what may we not expect from those who first opened their eyes on the enchanted town and who have breathed its air all their lives? Will they carry on in the arts like their parents, as Miss Wallace has done, or again like their parents, will they react from the world into which they were born and become bankers, politicians and sales managers?

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FLOWERING IRON

Carmel is the kind of place where, if you are patient, everything comes to your door.

One day an iron worker came in with a pair of candlesticks made like a vine-branch. The tendril was curled around to hold the candle and all the way down the branch the vine-leaves came out at the nodes.

Natural forms and their simple beauty are what I care for most. I asked him how he made them. He said he always brought the leaves in from the fields and studied them carefully before moulding them in the soft metal.

One day he brought me his notebook, which was a strange mixture of poetry, careful little drawings of buds, stamens, petals and leaves, and ornate creatures of the imagination such as dragons and ogres.

He began working in iron in Denmark, he said, when he was fourteen years old. As his mind went back to his fatherland he told how the forging and making of things was an art which each craftsman respected as much as he respected his good name. The greatest insult you could offer a craftsman was to speak slightingly of his work. It is part of his life's doings; part of the actual substance of life.

I asked the iron-worker what he thought were the essentials of good craftsmanship. "To be as brief as possible," he said, "and to follow Nature absolutely or not at all." His design for a tall ash-tray to stand beside a chair, is faithfully made from a calla lily—even the groove which runs from the root to the base of the flower has been noticed and reproduced.

Working under the most primitive conditions in a little forge at the Hatton Ranch, this man creates some of the most interesting and original things in wrought iron I have seen. Nothing but a hand-forge, an anvil and a row of tools and an array of dried leaves constitute his workshop. In spite of this and perhaps because of this, he has kept his work closely and sympathetically in touch with natural beauty.

He told a story about a painter which gives his idea of art in a simple way. He said he saw a picture of a corner of the beach. "There was the sea all right, and the sky and the cliff, but there was something wrong with it. It was not alive; there was no pulse in it."

So through the unsympathetic medium of wrought iron, this man is trying to create things of integrity and truth, and by his very careful observation of Nature, to make them live. D. H.

CARMEL ARTISTS EXHIBIT

The exhibit of paintings now being shown at the Carmel Art Gallery in the Court of the Seven Arts is particularly interesting because it contains some of the most sincere and authentic work of Carmel painters. The pictures are well hung and the walls and lighting show the works at their best.

Outstanding in the current exhibit is the work of Catherine and George Seideneck. Catherine Seideneck's canvases reveal a sensitive understanding of line and form to a degree approaching that of an etcher. Added to this her very fine insight into color clothes her work with rare beauty. One landscape in particular, with a clear translucent light on distant fields and a contrasting group of tree-forms and farm-houses in the foreground, was especially notable. It showed a fine restraint, but not beyond the point of a rich inherent loveliness.

The George Seideneck portraits are strong and direct with their simple browns and greys and quiet surety. Among the landscapes they maintain a sense of human warmth and livingness. It is very distinguished painting.

The sea pictures of Barton Bundey show a nice feeling for clarity of atmosphere. The little fishing boats in the morning sun are refreshing in their simplicity and sparkle. The wharf picture also has the same sunniness of color and pure air.

Percy Gray has two fine water-colors bearing the stamp of the artist in harmony with his medium. These pictures have a certain academic finish which is more the mark of yesterday than of today.

The sharp brush-strokes which characterize the work of C. Kotch give a dramatic vigor well suited to the treatment of the landscape along this particular stretch of the coast.

M. DeNeale Morgan's dunes are by one who loves these warm expanses of sand and verbena.

Chapel Judson's picture has his well-known mastery over the portrayal of wind and wave and motion.

The pictures of Elizabeth Strong are vivid little glimpses of the coast seen through the eyes of one constantly on the lookout for colorful effects.

***

The exhibit is a well-chosen group of paintings which should be visited by those who wish to familiarize themselves with some of the best work of the conservative school being done on the Peninsula. A. C.

THE WORK OF LUCY PIERCE

The happy unpretentiousness of Lucy Pierce's art will appeal to many people more strongly than works of greater scope. This artist absorbs some aspect of the scene, distills it in her temperament, and presents with fine simplicity, the part of it she has made her own. It is a casual reading, but none the less warm and actualized.

The crayon drawings and water-colors now showing in the Denny-Watrous Gallery range over many places in the world, but the feeling of the artist is in them all. Miss Pierce will make as much of a scene with smoke-stacks and telegraph poles at an American railroad crossing, as she will of some patently charming stony street of Florence or Venetian canal.

Signal recognition has come to this artist of the Peninsula. She was accorded a one-man show last June by the Beaux Arts Galleries of San Francisco, when her work received wide comment. Such an exhibition at the Beaux Arts is reserved for California artists of the first rank. Many of the drawings now on exhibition at the Denny-Watrous Gallery were a part of the San Francisco show.

Lucy Pierce has a beautiful studio at her home on the Mesa in Monterey. She has been associated in exhibitions with the best known California painters, among them Armin Hansen, Charlton Fortune and Ray Boynton.

Miss Pierce will be present at the Gallery to meet visitors between two and five five o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

LUCY PIERCE: SELF-PORTRAIT
From a Vantage Point in Her Studio

[Miss Pierce's first excursion into the realm of linoleum. She has used water-colors, crayons, wood-blocks and the "dry brush" method, but not, until now, linoleum.]

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GEORGE SEIDENECK, *Director*

GULCH NOTES

by O. J.

Birds! But we must not be sentimental, we must admit that the bird is a savage little despoiler, a heartless eater of the living in plant and animal life like the rest of us. His victims, winged, glittering, crawling, hopping, are millions.

And yet who can resist a bird? They are probably the favorites of the human race. We love their vivacity of eye, their swiftness of movement, their gestures, full of humor, comedy, grace, unexpectedness, vitality. With a flick of his tail and an impudent turn of his head, a bird can alter a he-man's mood. What is important enough to bother about with such a creature in existence? I do not doubt that the course of empire, which we imagine guided by cosmic forces, has been deflected by a fly-catcher's antics.

I think the birds like the earth hereabouts more than elsewhere. They stay close to it. This may be because of the weeds and wild oats. If you have tall weeds, carrot, for example, you will have lots of small birds. They sit in the tops and a few pecks set the weed swinging. If you like humming birds get a twinberry bush. They will drink in the trumpets all day, poised in jerky flight or almost motionless. In September there were some soft-spoken owls. I could tell time by them, for they began to sing at exactly midnight. When they started I knew it was time to go to sleep. In the morning waking up, first thing I would think of that perfectly muted song. I called this one the equinoctial owl, for it was about that time he came.

The unthoughtful garrulous linnet is probably an excellent equipoise for Carmel intellectuality. I have seen him on the top stem of pine trees, just dominating the whole scene.

Here we have, too, nobler aloof birds, the sea birds, the hawks. The lonely high flight of the hawk is the perfect symbol for human thought at its best and boldest. One of the few miracles unsolved by the physics of motion is the flight of the vultures.

It has been suggested that Carmel is already a cat-sanctuary, so if our movement to make it a bird-sanctuary succeeds, it will be mostly for the benefit of the cats. But to many of us a cat is as beautiful and complex a creature as a bird, and even more pathetic in death. It is too bad that these two jewelled mechanisms are bitter enemies. But I have seen two or three starlings scare the wits out of a cat. So possibly birds in sufficient numbers will develop defense tactics and solidarity.

§ §

It was at a City Council meeting that the proposal was put forward by Mrs. Rockwell, to make Carmel and the Point a bird-sanctuary. Last week in the Council meeting, a spectator sitting next to me said: "I've been to City Council meetings in many of the small towns around here. They don't take the time and trouble over small things that they do here. There is a different attitude entirely. They don't care like they do in Carmel." That is why Carmel council meetings last until midnight. May they continue to do so. Questions of amenities and graces—of birds, of cutting off living limbs from trees, of cutting down trees without replanting, of laying sidewalks and roadways that shall be pleasant to the eye, of making advertising signs beautiful instead of hideous, these things are tremendously important in Carmel. And they enoble the function of government.

§ §

But the City Council has too many of these matters to look after. A great many unofficial questions could and should be managed by a committee of citizens. (We are not overlooking the existence of the Advisory Board, predestined to ineffectuality through bulkiness.) We propose a committee of ten, representative of all groups in Carmel, to be called the PRO-CARMEL COMMITTEE. The committee shall meet regularly, discuss suggestions and encourage all possible ways and means to make Carmel still more liveable. It would work out and bring before the Council matters upon which that body can act, instead of laboring under the handicap of the Advisory Board which has no initiatory function and by its terms of reference can consider only such matters as the Council may refer to it.

We suggest that Mayor Heron appoint the first five members and these five select another five. After the Pro-Carmel Committee has been composed, it should devise some scheme of self-perpetuation with the proper checks.

§ §

Sinclair Lewis has won the Nobel Prize! He is the first American to win this prize for literature. Carmel can claim a great share of this honor. Sinclair Lewis lived in Carmel in his younger days. Here he saw what an American town should be. Here he learned that Americans could live sanely, happily, wisely. He left Carmel and went elsewhere, seeing how most other Americans lived. The contrast was too great. His indignation grew until he released the devastating shafts of satire which have made him world-famous and the recipient of the prize which has been won in recent years by such men as George Bernard Shaw and Thomas Mann.

§ §

A grandmother whose youngness astounds her youngers—she could be a great-grandmother—said the other day, "A wave seems to have three movements. It sweeps on to its crest, it is drawn back to the wave behind, but its center moves steadily toward the shore. I feel those movements of the wave in me. I move on, I know, to the end of my days, but I am drawn back to the oncoming wave of my grandchildren, and all the time my central progress is steadily toward a new life."

§ §

YOU REMEMBER IT SOMEHOW—St. Mark's Square, Venice. It is dusk and the pigeons are going to roost. The bright mosaics of St. Mark's are subdued to embers, the lacy marble frontage fades into a ghostly backdrop. The bell tower shoots up out of the light and disappears into nowhere. The *piazza* is crowded and two ordinary-looking men are standing in front of my table. One is talking sharply, savagely, clipping his words. He does not look at the other man. He looks pointedly away, anywhere, over the heads of the crowd. The other man says nothing, looks down at his feet, shifts and shuffles. He glances at the man who is talking as if he were begging him at least to look at him while he is giving him hell. But the other continues to look away and bitterly talks on, then stops suddenly and walks off without a glance. I thought, "That's the world. There's always somebody giving it, and somebody getting it."

THE CARMELITE

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Letters from Readers

WHITHER, CARMEL?

To the Editor of THE CARMELITE:

Carmel-by-the-Sea has "what many men desire." Why allow it to be changed, submerged or destroyed?

Fortunately there is only a slight taint in the air. The true atmosphere of Carmel has not yet been lost. Carmel has found what it wanted, and took it. And the world has made a pathway to its door, to pay conscious and unconscious tribute to men and women earnestly striving to express their ideals on paper, canvas or in bronze.

There are many places where we can walk on correct, properly cemented walks. That routine world has its place, with its trim, precise houses. But not in Carmel.

I know a place far up in the mountains, inaccessible to motor-cars, originally, where a tired doctor found healing in the solitude. From time to time he led there a few understanding friends who could cast a drowsy line in the unwhipped pools.

But the rest of us, growing curious, trailed along, and, not having the vision that led him there, soon made a "good motor road"; we cluttered up the silent places, made the little lake raucous with a motor-boat, inaugurated activities of our own "home own" until our patient doctor locked up his little cabin, or rather, gave the key to us and gently stole away. . . .

At any rate, continue to dare to be yourself, Carmel. You do not have to compete with anyone. You stand on an eminence. Your purpose in the sorry scheme of things is not limited—to be used and exhausted and thrown aside. Rather it is a source to which eager ones return to refresh themselves again and aagin—the growth of minds against minds.

MRS. R. S. HAMILTON.

* * *

GULCH NOTES

To the Editor of THE CARMELITE:

I note that that noted chronicler of "Notes"—Orrick Johns, he who loves to read that line, "down thar in the gulch" as it should be read—declares he has me beaten in the argument of To Gulch or not to Gulch, yet I find he defeats himself when he states, as in last week's Carmelite, that I "splutter." As you know, I don't splutter. I haven't since I was a mere child. Perhaps it was then that Orrick heard my baby prattle and is holding it as proof that his caption of Gulch Notes is a perfect sample of deep thinking. I don't splutter; I may swear a bit, but I don't splutter.

FRANK SHERIDAN.

* * *

THE BEACH

To the Editor of THE CARMELITE:

I was spending the afternoon on the beach the other day with some little children and as they were digging away in the sand they turned up a quantity of broken glass.

Fortunately I noticed this before it did any harm but I think it should be brought to the notice of those who use the beautiful Carmel sands that little children are often seriously hurt by such things. As adults we owe to the little ones a safe place to run freely on bare feet.

Also the amount of rubbish and picnic scraps which one has to avoid these days on the beach is quite annoying. It does not indicate much intelligence on the part of those who use the beach.

Perhaps bringing these things more to the notice of the public will help to change them.

A MOTHER.

[While on the subject of the beach, it may be observed that the recently passed ordinance restricting horses to the northern section of the beach is *not* being enforced.—ED.]

Two Poems by Dr. Laurence Bass-Becking . . .

SAND COSMOS

From beneath a hat-brim, face down on the sand,
I spy a vast and lonely land,
In which each crest ,wrought by my hand,
Goes on into Eternity.

And on the ripples in the sand
Forlornly goes a pitch blank ant,
Stumbles and plods toward a plant
Excitedly.

I hold a cosmos in my hand,
And through this hour-glass trickles sand—
Look up! The sea holds up her wand
In mockery.

TAG—YOU'RE IT

In this relay race to nowhere—neither lost nor won,
I will hand my parcel over—to my son;
Little shrugs and mannerisms, and my favorite songs.

He will share and doubt and fight my own beliefs
He will share or shirk or sham my own joys and griefs,
Petty pains and puny rages and my fancied wrongs.

Eagerness and active sorrow I prepared.
And by him, only tomorrow, 'twill be shared,
Futile kicking, needless howling to the moon.

Until chipped and smoothed and polished,
at the end
And internally demolished—
he will send
(Alibi—or *locum tenens*?) his own son.

On Paper Wings

By Frederick O'Brien

A few books are extraordinarily evocative. They stir the reader below the entertainment belt. Most of these books are neglected by all but a small minority. They give a pain to the average man who tries to struggle through them. The pain comes to most readers through the books having depth, opaqueness, until penetrated by the sun of concentrated thought. To some the pain comes from a fear that the author has a secret of life, a cure for boredom, which we cannot grasp fully, an elusive contact with joy that he fails to explain to our satisfaction.

Arousal to awareness of our lack of zest in nature, of the nature hidden in the qualities of earth and sea and sky beyond their surface or shape, is a common pang. I know of no book more piercing in this soul-stabbing power than "The Story of My Heart," by Richard Jefferies. In it is an intensity of feeling for the esoteric in nature, expressed in simple fervid language, and seldom as directly put on paper.

He portrays the ecstasy wrought in him by continuing closeness to inarticulate life,—trees, plants, weeds, and, more vividly, more fiercely, by sun, stars and ocean. The feel of the earth, the smell of grass, the blue of the heavens, the vastness of the sea, the burning rays of the sun, he makes as real sensations, as throbbing pleasures, as the maddest thrill of flesh to the most poetical lovers; reaching down into the psyche further, down into the hidden layers of emotion, into kinship with unknown forces of desire. One rises from his pages panting with hope.

His desires are solely for truer penetration into the values of being, of existence on earth. By contemplation, by exclusion of dimming intrusions, to wrest from the universe secrets of happiness for mankind, secrets he believes just outside the present understanding of the forces of nature.

It is bewildering. But, like certain music, "The Story of My Heart" has overtones of sorrow for the lost effort of the world since Time was, lost in no search for general happiness or welfare, that shake the ooze of the soul, below all our ordinary passions, doubts and aspirations.

Jefferies is, undoubtedly, a familiar of some of us. He died fifty years ago in England, appreciated by a small group of Englishmen, one of whom, Sir Walter Besant, writing a year after Jefferies' death, said he "stood among the scanty company of men who address a small audience, for whom he read aloud the pages of Nature (spoken of above), which only he, and the few like unto him, can decipher."

Jefferies' ideas did not deal with religion, yet he wanted and believed in the immortality of the soul. He appealed to every influence about him in Nature that he could touch with senses or imagination to help him to extend his understanding of life's possibilities beyond the ken of recorded knowledge. And he wrote down, the best he could, the vaguely thought, but acutely felt, results of his prayers to the undiscovered elements or causes he glimpsed as possible resources of vitality, of regeneration in humanity.

But perhaps in our pervading atmosphere of gasoline, which has already suffocated one of our five senses, Jefferies' most acceptable gift will be his descriptions of hours in the open, of the attractions of the English countryside, and his love of human beauty. With all his immersion in inanimate nature, he was as affected by the contour and color of the human form as the most ardent sculptor or painter. He worshipped the perfection of the physical, the rhythm of passionate human motion.

He said: "I should like to be loved by every beautiful woman on earth, from the swart Nubian to the white and divine Greek."

Perhaps that note, not opaque to most males, is the easiest on which to leave endeavor to convey his flavor, too subtle except for a master critic, may speak his name to some one who will enjoy him. He is especially, I would think, the friend of women. They are more sensuous than men, capable of greater communion with the scents and touches of the nature and the beauty he reveled in. They are more sensitive to the delicate and fragile aspects of life, Jefferies' most intimate concern.

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The Sur Number of The Carmelite

MARIGOLDS?

A long time ago I lived in a dingy apartment with a girl who was a librarian. Peg was a delightful, impractical person whose years were no indication of her age.

My own days, and frequently my evenings, were spent in an office where I was combined secretary and office nurse to a great surgeon in the making.

When Peg got home from work first, she got dinner. When, on the rare occasions that I didn't forget time altogether in the interest and fun of working with and for my altogether swell employer, I got home first, I got dinner.

One busy day it was nearly eight o'clock when the doctor said, "Good Lord! Do you know what time it is? Let's finish these letters tomorrow," and I said, "All right. Good night," and got into my street clothes and went home.

Of course, I was tired, and it might reasonably be expected that when I got home and found no dinner, I'd be unpleasant about it. The only reason that I was not disagreeable was that Peg, although she had forgotten to buy the chops, had come home with an armful of marigolds.

From the window sill and from the gateleg table, their deep gold welcomed me; they peeked around the corner of the dressing room door, where a bowl of them stood on the dressing table. There was another bowl of gold brightening the kitchen. Their fresh clean smell neutralized the aroma of ether, plaster of Paris and green soap which I felt always clinging to my clothing and hair. It rested my tired mind and body to be taken back by these gay golden flowers to my grandmother's garden where there was a border of them growing hardily along one side of the house, mingling their fragrance with lavender and verbena and such old fashioned plants as made up such a garden.

They reminded me, too (paradoxically perhaps), in a most pleasant way of my hospital training school days, and of how their concentrated sunshine used to brighten the long white ward, when as an offering to a sufferer. The pleasure of that memory, perhaps, had its practical aspect, for I remember that marigolds adapted themselves admirably to the standard hospital vases, and they kept fresh for such a long time.

So instead of saying "Why in the devil isn't there anything to eat in this place?" I said, 'Come on, Peg. I'll treat you to dinner over at Sam's."

This is really nothing more or less than a protest. It is a protest against the use of the word calendula.

It is to explain, in a measure, the depth of my feeling against the use of that cold word to describe these warm, friendly, glowing flowers.

Could calendula have made up to me for no dinner? Could calendula have evoked memories of a childhood garden? Could cold calendula have made my thoughts of a forbidding hospital ward come warmly and pleasantly to mind? Probably not.

I once knew a lovely, dark-eyed girl whose parents had the foresight and comfortable good taste to name her Marigold. Could that girl have enjoyed the popularity she did, would she even have been one-half so beautiful as she was, if her parents had donned tall hats and called her "Calendula"? I doubt it very much indeed. Why, it is even the sort of name which would not lend itself to graceful shortening. "Call"? No, it would never do.

And I, along with many of my own simple kind, I am sure, therefore protest loudly against our merry little friends, the homely marigolds, being burdened with the cold rhythm of calendula.

MARJORIE MACEWAN.

A CARMEL PORTRAIT

By EDNA OWINGS

S——— O'S——— lives in The Weeds,
distributing largesse and doing good deeds
and laughing and talking and running to town
and making a Brightness for roads up and down.

S——— O'S——— waters her Garden
for all kinds of Creatures to come and enjoy,
and gets her house ready (which begging their Pardon!)
from Lovely Old Lady to Little Bad Boy.

S——— O'S——— lives for the fun
of making folk merry. She's like a blythe Sun
escaped from the sky and dropped down to delight
a Number of Persons—by day *and* by night.

S——— O'S——— lives in The Weeds,
along with the Linnets that live on their seeds;
lives where the Mission rings gently its Bell,
lives where the Valley casts softly its spell.

S——— O'S———, in a White House,
lives like a Princess yet lives like a Mouse
for though Princesses revel, while Mouses are poor,
no Mouse ever turned any soul from its door.

Annual Roll Call

Picking Up a Few "Strands"

Being an Honest Confession of Many Failures

By FRANK SHERIDAN

Continued from last week

It was rather easy to eat comfortably and cheap for us with little money back in those days of the nice Nineties: the generous free lunches that went with a five-cent glass of beer (only, "Don't push it too hard" was a thing to remember); the thirty-five cent French or Italian *table d'hotes*, and some of them with "logwood," as we called the claret served; the *table d'hotes* flush, that is when we had five or six dollars for a bank-roll.

Then there was the "Life-Saving Station" on Broadway, next door to the Empire Theatre, a two-story wooden shack down a couple of wooden steps from the sidewalk where for ten cents one could get a beef stew and a big glass of good lager. Many a stew I had there before 1896 and glad to get it—the beef stew, I mean; but never after that stretch of b. s. I had in Salt Lake City.

There was "The Half-Way House"—a lovely spot, half-way between nothing to eat and a feast. There you could get a fair meal of pig's knuckle and sauerkraut and beer for a dime; or for fifteen cents, splendid frankfurters, kraut and beer.

These places were for those who just rented a room and ate out, and we could get along very nicely on seven dollars a week for living expenses. A fair hall-room could be obtained for two dollars, or two-fifty, a week—not much of a room in size, but more comfortable than the larger rooms in winter, for the gas jet would heat it. The average landlady was mighty stingy with her furnace heat after nine o'clock at night, which was not at all nice of her those cold, blowy winter nights with the thermometer flirting with zero

The principal drawback of the hall-rooms was when some chap who had trouped with you, and you liked, struck you to put him up for a night or two, "till he got a stake," as he had been thrown out for non-payment of the dues the members of the Landlady's Club insisted upon being paid. If you want to know what heroism is, try doubling up in a single bed such as we had in those New York rooms, but in doing it let me give you a bit of advice: Always take the side next to the wall; your chum can't push you out: And don't forget to have the chum come in quietly, for those lodging-house keepers have sharp ears and if you are caught taking in lodgers yourself it will cost you a half-dollar extra for entertaining company.

There was one stretch of more than a week when I had a chap sleeping in my six-foot-wide room; but you can bet he didn't sleep on any part of the two-and-a-half foot wide mattress. No sir, Jimmy used a part of his wardrobe with a blanket of mine and slept *under the bed*. I had been there before—that sleeping two where only half a one should sleep.

There was one summer that had as many laughs for four of us as you could crowd into a dozen farce comedies—and our victims had more than their quota of fun out of our little trick also.

There was Gene Frazier, Billy Gough, Eddie McKay and myself, all with about enough to squeeze through the summer if we were very careful and did most of our own laundry. We went into executive session and decided to rent an unfurnished flat for twenty-two dollarss a month. Each one bought himself a canvas cot costing a dollar, and also a pair of sheets. Then we got half a dozen barrels at ten cents each from the grocer, who threw in a number of wooden boxes. We bought a few planks, borrowed hammer, saw and nails from the janitor, and in a few hours our apartment, except for the kitchen, was completely furnished. Chairs made from barrels or boxes; each man's dresser a couple of boxes; dining table, three boards resting on barrels Our trunks were serving tables, side-boards, or handy things to sit on and let your feet droop.

Eddie McKay had an aunt who owned a farm up-state, and she would send down a few dozen eggs and a few pounds of butter every week, with vegetables now and then. We agreed that two dinners a week were to be *en famille* and in turn were to be furnished by one of the *famille* at no cost to the other three Billy Gough was a peach of a cook and loved the art.

We opened our season as family men early in May, and everything went swimmingly until along late in June. None of us got a summer engagement, or a winter one for that matter, and money was running low. We were worried a bit, not enough to give us a careworn face, but plenty to give each a ten or fifteen minute period of deep thinking each day.

Late one afternoon I was doing much thinking of how I was to supply the food for dinner that night on seventy-five cents, for it was my turn and I hadn't been able to make a touch all day long. I was scheming for a postponement when Bill Harkins came up and asked me to have a drink. As we stood at the bar I noticed that Bill pulled out a roll of bills, including some fives and a ten. A thought came to me. "Bill," said I, "have you had any thought of dining at any especial place this evening?"

"Not a thought," answers Bill. "What's up?"

"Well, the up and up is this," I stated. Whereupon I read to him a scene that would have made Diamond Jim Brady faint with joy.

There wasn't a chef in New York, no not one in the United States fit to peel potatoes for Billy Gough. What he could do to an ordinary piece of meat would make the public climb over each other to his cafe, were he to open one, and so forth and so on, finishing with, "Bill will you do us the honor of being our guest for this evening?"

Bill allowed that he would be flattered quite considerably, and my sweet William, after another bracing drink that he paid for, was led away to the banquet hall.

Willie was greeted effusively by the family, knowing them all; in fact, Frazier and McKay had played for him on a couple of tours of the West Indies by the Harkins company; and as Will Harkins was one of the finest gentlemen who ever drew the breath of life, his welcome was genuine.

I left Harkins with the boys while I went to another room to change my clothes, that being a part of my scheme. When the change was made I asked Bill what he would like for dinner. He wasn't particular; anything would do. I flashed to my chums with a look or two that something was up, and then invited Harkins to walk to the market with me, and out we went out to do our shoppnig. We decided upon a steak —two nice, thick, tender porterhouse steaks were wrapped up and quite a few vegetables also.

I went to pay the bill when, to my great embarassment, as my dearly beloved guest was by my side, I found I had left all my money in my other clothes. How stupid of me.

"Will you let me have the amount, Bill for a while? Thanks, that's awfully nice of you, ole top." Exit from market.

Next scene we take up is after the banquet—a banquet of steak that the family had no tasted the like for months—

washed by copious draughts of Pilsner, Wurtzburger, or what-have-you at the nearest corner. When all were happy and content, laughing heartily at the stories shot across the board, I arose to say a few words.

I spoke glowingly of my associates. I told of our tough season past, and jokingly touched upon our disastrous summer. I turned to Harkins and looking him straight in the eye I told him what a noble benefactor he was to actor-folk, of the many to whom he gave work, of his many benefactions to the needy; and all the while Bill sat there with a puzzled look wondering what it was all about. With a last burst of oratory I finished with "And now dear Bill, as I hand you back two dollars and twenty-five cents, which is the balance of the five dollars that was yours. I think it only proper that we four flat-broke actors should drink a toast to our host, Bill Harkins." Did it go over with him? Like a charm. He howled with glee. Thought it was a great joke, and told us to keep it quiet, that he'd ring in some fellows on it. And he did, plenty of them.

Now here's the beauty of it: Everyone who got stung thought it the best ever and went out on Broadway to advertise our wonderful dinners and how choice we were in the selection of our guests, until it became a cinch for us to have a couple of dinners a week that cost us nothing.

We had a lot of applicants for invitations, but nothing doing unless we knew they had the price. If they had, and were the right sort, then—ah, then: "Why, old pal, you bet; delighted. The bunch would be tickled to pieces to have you at the table. Come on." And in a few hours he found that he was a "Come-on." *To be continued.*

BIRD LORE

Following are listed some of the books dealing with birds, available at the Harrison Memorial Library:

Birds of America—Nature Lovers' Library, vols. 1—3.
Burroughs—Wake-robin.
Chapman—Color Key to North American Birds.
Davie—Nests and Eggs of North American Birds.
Dawson—The Birds of California.
Dixon—The Human Side of Birds.
Grosvenor—The Book of Birds.
Henderson—Practical Value of Birds.
Hoffman—Birds of the Pacific States.
Keeler—Bird Notes Afield.
Keyser—Our Bird Companions.
Miller—Bird Ways.
Myers—Western Birds.
Scott—Story of a Bird-Lover.
Trafton—Bird Friends.
Wheelock—Birds of California.
Wright—Birdcraft.

THE GOLDEN-CROWNED SPARROW

By R. S. HAMILTON

"Oh, dear me! Oh dear me!"
Over and over again came these three soft, sweet, half-minor notes from the garden. We were fighting desperately to save the life of the children's pet fawn, Sylvia; but we knew we were losing, and these bird-notes wove themselves into our memory of an unfortunate autumn day.

We heard them often through the winter, into late spring, but merely accepted without investigating.

However, after two or three Octobers, and the suddenly clear, sweet call coming from the garden at almost the identical time of the year, we did begin to investigate.

I was the golden-crowned sparrow, *Zonotrichbros Coronata.*

Its coloration, in general, is ashy, streaked with brown. Its forehead and sides of head are striped black and dull-gold, sometimes almost white, thus making it difficult to distinguish it from the white crowned sparrows with whom it feeds.

The gold stripes are more definite at the beginning of the breeding season. In immature birds the black stripes are replaced by brownish stripes.

It is one of our winter-birds, coming into residence in the valley and foothills at a remarkably identical time in the fall and remaining until about April.

It is one of our happiest birds, found in hedges, often in our wintriest weather, "singing in the rain."

John Price, son of Dr. George Price, for many years dean of biology at Stanford University, has made some remarkable discoveries concerning this bird and its curious habits of feeding and migration, for it nests in Alaska.

By watching and banding the golden-crowned sparrow, as well as other birds, and by tabulating with the department at Washington, he has established definite information, which is now being put into book-form.

All bird-lovers are looking forward to it.

How this tiny bird finds its way back and forth between Alaska and our gardens, how it knows when to start, may soon be known made to us.

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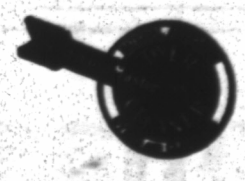
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THE CARMELITE

Books

BOOK WEEK AHEAD

Carmel's part in the national celebration of Book Week will include a library display of specially selected books and book lists; the Girl Scouts will have their own interesting display of books and a talk on the making of a book; Mr. James French Dorrance will talk to the Boy Scouts on books of special value to them. The Parent-Teachers Association is sponsoring in each school room a special exhibit of books dealing with the activity of that room. The Room Mothers will be hostesses and the books have been selected by that outstanding authority and best known of children's librarians on the Coast, Miss Constance Mitchell, of the Sather Gate Book Shop, Berkeley.

During the week there will be informative talks to the children in the auditorium. Among others, on Thursday afternoon Jack Calvin will speak of adventure stories. On Friday, November twenty-first at two-thirty, the talks will include Frederick Bechdolt speaking along the lines of his new book "Giants of the West," so well reviewed reecntly; Miss Berry in "The History and Value of Children's Books," Hal Garrott on "Fairy Stories," the latter a talk for the the primary children. The older children have already been given he opportunity to select a book to read and review. These reviews are to be in by November twentieth, when the papers will be judged by Miss Hortense Berry, Miss Florence Wilson and Mrs. E. L. Taylor. A book prize will be awarded for the most promising effort in each class, at Friday afternoon's assembly.

The week will be brought to a close by a party to which all children are invited, from seven to nine o'clock Saturday evening, November twenty-second, at the Harrison Memorial Library, to dedicate the Children's Room, the gift of Belle Marsh Kluegel.

GRACE E. BURTT.

AT THE LIBRARY

Sories from Burroughs"; Chapman's Bird-lore for children as represented on the shelves of Harrison Memorial Library include the folowing titles:

Burorughs—Bird Stories from Burroughs.
Chapman—Teh Travel of Birds
Dugdale—Book of Baby Birds
Hawksworth—A Year in the Wonderland of Birds
Henderson—Nests and Eggs
Markds—A Holiday with the Birds

Churches

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

"Mortals and Immortals" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon next Sunday in all Churches of Christ, Scientist. The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "Now this I say, brethern, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption. and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Deatn is swallowed up in victory." I Cor. 15:50, 51, 53, 54.)

COMMUNITY CHURCH MUSICALES

The series of Sunday evening musicales being conducted by the Rev. T. Harold Grimshaw at the Carmel Community Church has proven a distinct success. Last Sunday there was standing room only, and all who attended were enthusiastic in their praise of both the verbal descriptions and the really wonderful quality of the music. The Prelude to Lohengrin was particularly enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bain and Mrs. Harber contributed much to the success of the evening.

The next of the series will be held on Sunday evening, Deember seventh, when the Rev. Mr. Grimshaw will give a preview of the Wagnerian music drama, "The Valkyrie." This is the first of "The Ring" operas to be given in San Francisco in January by the German Grand Opera Company.

COMMUNITY CHURCH SERVICES

It is with the gladness of the approach-Thanksgiving Festival that Carmel Community Churh extends to all the privilege of Christian worship this coming Lord's Day. Are we not forgetting our much-lauded freedom and counting of little value the joy of participation in public worship? This participation is both a boon and an obligation.

Not forgetting its hertiage from all the churches and insisting on the spirit of unity, Carmel Community Church offers the thoughtful sojourner a period of Morning Worship that is as a cool spring to the weary. This service begins promptly at eleven o'clock.—T. H. G.

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

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JOE SCHOENINGER EDITOR

THE TYPICAL CARMEL HOME

Carmel is quickely growing up with Spanish homes. There are only a few little huts or Carmelish houses. I don't mean the old fashioned kind with all kinds of doo-dads on them—with carved woodwork all over. But these houses that are stuccoed and tiled, are the ones that get my goat. Now, John Bathen's shoppe is the kind that I mean, in the extremes. He sells the typical thing—stone. "The Santa Lucia Quarries" is an example that should be followed. Of course, if a person is going to build a house he can't have it like John Bathen's, but he can build it out of wood. The kind I mean is illustrated in the "Driftwood," a house that is situated right on the point of the Carmel Point. It is made of wood and is very interesting. I am not saying that the linoleum block on this page is just the right kind of a shack, but nevertheless I wish that the stores and houses would try and make their houses look more like Carmel, not like Santa Barbara.

RED CROSS

The Red Cross has started their annual camaign throughout Carmel. So when the representative comes to your house be so good as to join the Red Cross. It only costs a dollar to become a member, and that dollar is used for the right thing Half of it goes to our local relief, and the other half goes to national use. Despite the depression, I think that everyone ought to contribute. At Sunset School they have a Roll Call for the children and this year has been one of the leading times as several of the rooms proudly display a big sheet of paper which certifies that that room has a One-hundred per cent record. And that means that every child in the room has contributed something. Let us all help, when the representative comes around.

PEACE PLAY

The Eighth Grade gave a peace play last Friday. Many of the parents were there to enjoy it. On the whole it was very interetsing.

The cast was:

Helen—Eileen Overhulse

Elizabeth—Jean Leidig.

Baggage Agent—Bernard Shulte.

Helpers—Billy Veatch, Dexter Whitcomb, Nels Edquist, Bobby DeYoe, Bubby Fox, Norman Bailey, David Hagemeyer.

Indians—Clifford LeNeve and Bill Durney.

Caroldean Murphy was costumer and Joe Schoeninger was property manager. It turned out real well for one reason no one forgot there part as they were well drilled before the play was put on. The action part of the play was very successful and Bill and Clifford took the part of the Indians exceedingly well.

The plot was to show why we should have peace between ourselves and other countrys. It showed how different inventions were brought to our country by foreigners. The name of the play is Americans for Americans and is about two girls who want to send the foreigners home bag and baggage and how it turned out

Eileen Overhulse.

Miscellaneous Mishaps

COLLECTED BY DANNY LOCKWOOD.

A child who had come from the east, and had been reading the Burggess Bedtime tales, said to her mother, "I think that Burggess is all wrong, because he always says the sun goes down behind the Purple Mountains, but it really goes down behind the Pacific Ocean."

Some eighth graders were flipping for first ups. They asked Gordon Darling for a coin. He said, "If you found a coin in these trousers, I would know they weren't mine."

Miss Gridley: "Where is the North Pole, Anthoney?"

Anthoney Diaz: "Well, I don't know now because maybe some of these Ekimoe boys swiped it on Halloween."

Visitor: "How do you know so quickely which is your desk at school?"

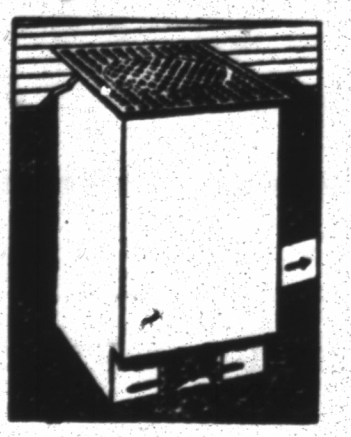
School Native: "By the familar landmarks, that are marked on it."

No fires to bother with during cold days

Mother will have no bother or trouble in keeping the house warm and cozy while father is away—provided, there's gas heating equipment installed in your home.

There is no labor to cause aching muscles. Simply turn a handy valve or touch the Thermostat and clean heat starts warming the house. Turn off the heater and there is neither dirt, soot, ashes nor diminishing fuel supply to bother about.

The Floor Furnace



Floor Furnace

The Floor Furnace is especially designed for homes having no basement.

It will heat two or three rooms comfortably, during the coldest weather. This gas-fired appliance draws cold air off the floor, warms it and circulates it all about the rooms. You simply turn a handy valve to start the furnace—and in a few minutes, clean warmth is yours.

The warm air does not come in contact with the burning gas. All products of combustion are vented outside.

You may have a Floor Furnace completely installed now for $10.00 down and only $7.50 per month.

The Circulating Room Heater

The Circulating Room Heater is a graceful cabinet, harmonizing with the most tasteful furnishings.

As no basement is necessary, it is particularly adapted to heating small homes, stores, or offices.

Like the floor furnace, this circulating heater gives clean, convenient heat. It is ideal for heating and circulating healthful warm air in from 2 to 4 rooms. Furthermore, all products of combustion are vented outdoors.

Attractive in design. Economical to operate. Completely installed for only $5.00 down and $7.50 a month.

The Humphrey Radiantfire

Now you can do away with all the discomforts of the old-fashioned fireplace, with its wasteful heating, dirt and ashes, and all attendant labor.

The secret? Modernize your fireplace and change it into cheerful, care-free heating by installing a Humphrey Radiantfire. Besides offering such a modern convenience, the Radiantfire preserves all the romance of an open fireplace.

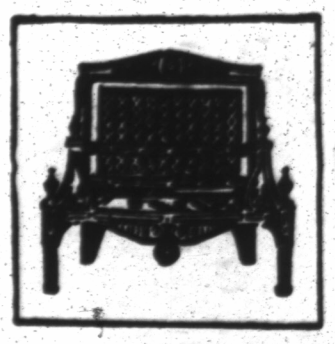
These heaters may be had in designs and colors to conform with any decorative scheme. Light a Radiantfire — see how quickly you are completely surrounded with radiant warmth.

We will install one of these economical heaters now for only $5.00 down.

Circulating Room Heater

We have warm-air furnaces suitable for heating homes having basements.

You can see the above heaters and also warm-air furnaces at your dealer's store or call at our office.



Radiantfire

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

P·G·and E·

Owned · Operated · Managed by Californians